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"If you would overcome worry, sing all the time," advises Dr. Austin Flint. Which is merely a revised version of "Let the other fellow worry."

Evidently the New Jersey man who swam ashore and left the girl to drown was thinking more of his own carcass than of the possibility of winning a Carnegie medal.

The Chicagoan who gave his wife half his property on condition that she treat him affectionately has learned that the way to rule a woman is to give her what she wants.

"Savages in silks and satins sometimes sit in church seats on the Sabbath," says the Rev. Dr. C. P. Goodson. But if the effort is to convert the heathen, why object?

An English noblewoman sneeringly declares that American girls don't know anything about horses. This may be true in a measure, but we may proudly reply that American girls know a lot about sparking plugs and carburetors.

Lady Arthur Grosvenor, sister-in-law of the duke of Westminster, the richest duke in England, is traveling over that country in a wagon disguised as a gypsy. She intends to write a book about her experiences. From which it seems that the privilege of associating with a duke a lot of money does not prevent British high life from being dreadfully dull.

Now is the time when all those who play or work about the water should study the rules for restoring persons apparently drowned. The rules prepared for the United States life saving service direct that the efforts to produce natural breathing should be continued for from one to four hours. No mother would think that even five hours was too long to spend, if in the end her apparently drowned child opened its eyes and breathed again.

If Mr. Wright, he of Dayton, inventor of an airship, is right, some of us may be able to fly before we can afford automobiles, remarks the Indianapolis Star. He says: "With a proper soaring machine, which can be made for less than \$500, and with perfect control, I believe a man could hover over a ship like a gull all day without any fatigue, provided the wind were right." He adds that after once flying there is no inclination to turn to anything else. Will Mr. Wright please hurry up his \$500 machines.

John Nicholas Brown, who is commonly mentioned as the ten-million-dollar baby by the New York papers, is now ten years old and rebels against having the dollar attached to him. The youngster is quoted as saying to his playmates: "Quit calling me that, will you? I'm just a plain kid like you. I want to get out and play ball and have a good time," he went on; "these old nurses chasing me around make me tired. I'm going to kick about it and get rid of them." This indicates that something worth while is to be expected of young Brown.

The favorable impression which Japanese make upon people of other nations is largely due to their courtesy, good manners, and the taste they display in doing the most ordinary things. When the crews of the Japanese warships, which lately visited New York, were allowed shore liberty, they had their choice between spending the day on the Bowery, the delight of every sailor's heart, and visiting Grant's tomb. They went to the tomb. Is there any other nation the sailors of which would use their shore leave in paying their respects to a national hero of the people they were visiting?

Queen Marie Amalie of Portugal, by her generous devotion to the cause of suffering, her foundation, endowment and supervision of innumerable hospitals and philanthropic institutions, her study of medicine, in which she now holds the diploma of a full-fledged physician, in order to enable her to understand more thoroughly the needs and requirements of the sick, and her exemplary private life should have endeared her to the people of her adopted country. But the contrary is the case. Instead she has reaped nothing but abuse and animosity.

Failure of the Church and of Church People

By REV. DR. C. P. GOODSON,
St. Louis.



The church is a failure. Whatever may be said in regard to the great work of the church, which has been mighty in the making of our splendid civilization, and without which there would be no social foundation and life, it must be admitted that the church of to-day and in the past is a failure.

Too many people, too many church members, are engaging in sports and are found in places of amusement that are perilous. The theater may be a source of legitimate entertainment, but everybody knows that it more frequently appeals to vulgar impulse and animalism, rather than being an exhibition of real art. Present-day gambling—universally prevalent—is one of the greatest perils to our social integrity. College students bet on their sports, clerks play the races, business men of all classes buy stocks on the margin, husbands play poker, and wives play bridge.

Besides these evidences of failure there is dissension and strife in the church itself. Not only are there too many different denominations, with their nonessential differences, and consequently poorly equipped plants, inadequate to the demands of the hour, but it is the exception to find a church which is free from divisions and strifes in the local organizations.

There needs a new social life in the church. Men hunger for fellowship. Hence, the fraternal federations formed throughout the country. But all social interests, sympathy and energy should be directed to holier uses than the beer garden on Sunday afternoon. All men need to know Christ, to whom all life is sacred. He walked among men, the humble, the lowly men, while on earth to help them, and he walks among them to-day.

It is not denunciation we need, but development. The church's mission is to teach religion. It cannot be the competitor of the cheap theater; but it can create desires for holier hungers.

There must be a new regard for one's moral code. No Christian can have a Sunday or church creed, a home creed, and a downtown code. He cannot be one kind of a man as a churchman and another as a director in his corporation.

If in these things the men and women who are in our churches will co-operate, the day is not distant when the sick will be healed, the poor evangelized, the hungry fed; men will cease to regard life cheaper than dividends, and they will be found protecting workmen from the deadly machinery, children from the death of factories, and their competitors from starvation. They will realize that it's no use to starve orphans to endow educational institutions, for there will be no children to educate if methods of the irreligious are to have sway.

Fallacy of Equality of Man

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

Because men grow rich dishonestly certain doctrines of social science would say that all must fare alike. Because genius is often selfish and blind, these doctors would strangle talent, and because strength of character sometimes makes men oppressors of their fellows, these social theorists would make all men mediocre. There is no fallacy in the world to-day so vicious, because to the weak it seems so plausible, as the notion that the kingdom of heaven may be obtained on this earth by putting all men through a common state regulated mold, paring off the overlapping of the great and puffing the small up to the standard size by law. If a man has a taste for business, he should be allowed to trade to his heart's content, providing that he trade honestly, keeping water out of his stocks and usury out of his transactions. The growth of this world requires commerce as much as it requires religion. If a man desires to be an inventor or painter, a scientist or a tight-rope walker, it is his concern. He should be allowed to specialize if a man desires to let his soul go, and go into the world telling of the joy of it—that should be his privilege. He should not have to shovel dirt nor thresh grain part of the time for the right to live. The right to save this year and spend next, the right to store up the energy of youth and manhood into the capital for advancing years, should be denied no one. The only restriction which the state should put on that capital should be that it may not be used to oppress the society that allowed the accumulation of capital. There must always be the man with ten talents and the man with one talent. And the business of the state should be to so adjust the relations between them that the man with the ten talents shall not deal unfairly with the man with one. But to wipe out the distinctions between the two by making each a man of five talents—that is folly and the right sort of education should keep men from such folly. There should be peace on earth and there must be good will among men. But men must grow spiritually before that order may be established; law may not establish it. The Socialist has the cart before the horse. We must grow up in fairness to one another, must grow in kindness to one another, must grow to respect one another's rights—the rich to respect the rights of the poor and equally the poor the rights of the rich—before the spirit of the golden rule may be put upon the statute books.

White Lies and Black

By REV. FATHER VAUGHAN, S. J.,
Noted English Divine.

Nowadays we are told that truth is entirely a subjective matter. To many society women truth is what they like or what is expedient. Some, indeed, only tell the truth when they have nothing else ready.

These phrases, "not at home, 'yours sincerely,' 'you are very welcome!'" I do not think anybody to-day is deceived by such statements. I do not denounce what are called white lies. I denounce lies that are black. And all lies that are lies are black lies. All untruths, whether they deceive or not, debase and belittle the character of the one speaking the untruth, and create an unwholesome atmosphere whose influence cannot but be harmful to others.



WALLS OF A LANDMARK FALL

ON A LOW STORE, BURYING A SCORE OF PERSONS.

Rescuers Are Baffled By the Heavy Debris—Nine Known To Be Dead—Many Injured.

London, Ont., July 17.—Nine persons are known to have been killed, two are missing, and five are seriously injured as the result of a building collapsing on Dundas street. The dead: W. T. Hamilton, clothing merchant; Frank Smith, manager of Brewster's store; Archie McCallum, photographer; Miss Clara Mullins, William Tamblin, Edward Howett, Mrs. Edward Howett, Joseph Long, unidentified man.

The missing: John Robinson, merchant; Mr. Lane, of Hamilton, Long & Co.

The injured are: John Loney, fractured skull and two men and a woman who are suffering from broken limbs.

The rescue parties will work on the ruins all night. All the imprisoned ones who could be communicated with have been released.

The building that collapsed was Crystal hall, a landmark of this city. The walls fell upon Brewster's Five and Ten Cent Store, a low structure adjoining it on the east, completely burying it.

The stores of Hamilton, Long & Co. and W. J. Reed & Co., on the first floor of Crystal hall were filled with wreckage.

The building was being remodeled. A number of old supports had been taken out and iron girders had been placed. A crash came shortly after 5 o'clock, when all three stores were filled with customers.

It seems that the front wall of Crystal hall fell out into the street. An instant later the east wall fell on the Brewster store. As the front wall fell a woman walking on the sidewalk was swallowed up in the wreckage.

Cries were heard from the wreckage in the Brewster store, and a rescue party located three girls in an adjoining cellar, imprisoned by wreckage. They said they were not injured. Five other girls can be communicated with but they are too frightened to say if any of their number is injured.

The pile of ruins seems impregnable, and though the rescuers worked with frenzy they will be hours releasing any who may be in the thick of it. Shortly after 5 o'clock George Fistallien was taken out slightly injured. The body of Archie McCallum, a photographer, was taken out later. W. T. Hamilton was taken out terribly injured. A woman was located in the rear of the store with a baby in her arms, but neither was injured. John Loney was taken out of the ruins with a fractured skull and internal injuries. It is thought he can not live.

FORTY INJURED

When "L" Cars Collided—Front of One Telescoped Rear of Another.

New York, July 17.—A southbound Third avenue elevated train crashed into the rear of a train standing at the platform of the 104th street station and 40 persons were injured, two of whom may die.

The front car of the moving train telescoped the rear car of the other. When the collision occurred the passengers were thrown out of their seats, all the windows of both trains were smashed and the framework of the front car of the onrushing train and the rear car of the standing one was almost completely wrecked.

Clarence Louis, aged 22, was caught between two platforms and his legs nearly severed. Another man received probably fatal internal injuries.

It is said that the crowd obscured the motorman's view and he failed to set brakes in time to avoid accident.

Big Blaze in Texas.

Chillicothe, Tex., July 17.—Fire destroyed a business block with a total loss of \$150,000 and light insurance. The heaviest losers are G. R. Jones & Co., hardware; J. N. Fain, drugstore; Ben F. Griffin, drugstore; J. L. Watson, hotel; A. L. Howard & Co., grocers; the J. F. Bryan Hotel and Chillicothe Lumber Co.

Deaths in Pittsburgh.

Pittsburgh, Pa., July 17.—A dozen or more deaths and many prostrations occurred here Tuesday from the heat. The maximum temperature registered was 87 degrees.

Caught and Lynched.

Oklahoma City, Okla., July 17.—Frank Bailey, a negro, was lynched by a mob at a small town 75 or 80 miles northeast of here for assaulting a rail road man.

Killed By a Horse.

Omaha, Neb., July 17.—Arthur Wilson, a famous Wyoming cowboy and bronco buster, was killed by an "out law" horse after a desperate battle.

Prisco Post Office Robbed.

San Francisco, July 17.—Burglars broke into the post office at South San Francisco and secured \$1,500 in stamps and money. The robbers escaped.

Home Partly Wrecked.

Philadelphia, July 17.—The dwelling of Lucio Grenaldi, an Italian, was partially wrecked by an explosion of a bomb. Grenaldi received recently four letters signed "Black Hand" and making demands for money. No one was injured in the explosion.

Barred By Texas.

Houston, Tex., July 17.—Dr. William M. Brumby, state health officer, who is here, says the governor will shortly issue a proclamation declaring tuberculosis a contagious disease.



BOUNCING BALL ON AIR.

Peculiar Motions of Trick Ball and the Explanation.

You will say this is impossible, for how can a ball bounce unless it has something to strike against, thus giving it the required impact to develop a rebound?

Yet if you throw this particular ball through the air, it will describe the series of "bounces" shown in Fig. 1, much to the astonishment of the person it is thrown at. Perhaps he prides himself especially on his catching ability, but his pride will surely "go before a fall" when he tries to judge this erratic ball, for it is most difficult to catch and will fool nine good catchers out of ten.

After you have had some fun puzzling your friend in this manner, there is another way to get amusement out of the trick ball. Provide yourself with an ordinary ball resembling it, handing the trick ball to the other chap whom you now invite to roll for a line to see who may come nearest, each standing about ten feet distant from the line. Both toss together, and you will see a queer result; your ball will proceed directly toward its destination, but his will cut a lot of queer antics, rolling in a very irregular course, and when the ball does

step it will be away off from the line. He may try again and again to roll in a straight line, but as long as he uses the trick ball you can win the toss every time, even with your eyes shut.

This is the explanation, says Good Literature. The difference between the trick ball and its ordinary counterpart is the fact that its center of gravity is shifted from the exact cen-



The Ball and Its Eccentric Movements.

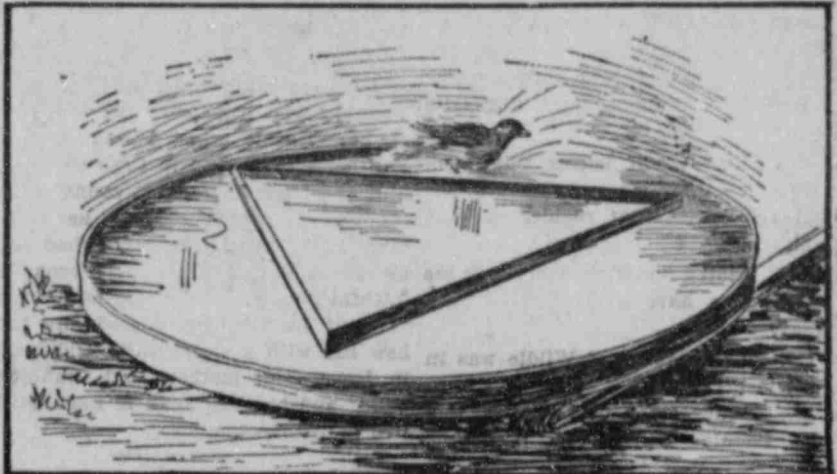
ter to the side, consequently the ball is "off balance." The ball is hollow and made of strong paper. The shift of gravity is accomplished by attaching a bit of lead to the inner surface and securing it firmly in place by glueing a piece of cloth over it as shown in A, Fig. 2. The lead now becomes the center of gravity which imparts the mysterious bouncing motion which is such a puzzle to one not in the secret.

THE BIRD'S BATH.

An Interesting Study in the Peculiar Notions of the Little Songsters.

Some few years ago, during the hot summer weather, I put a tin out on my lawn for the wild birds to bathe in, writes a correspondent of Country Life. The tin was a triangular one, about 1½ inches deep, the sides being 22 inches. The birds were duly thankful, and used it incessantly all through the years, winter as well as summer. In course of time it rusted through and leaked badly, whereupon I had a new one made, circular, two feet six inches in diameter and 1½ inches deep, and I took away the old, worn-out triangular tin. Not a bird would go near the new bath. I tried every-

thing. As a general rule, sparrows seem to like the early morning, thrushes, blackbirds and starlings prefer a midday bath and robins like to bathe about six p. m., when all other birds have retired to roost. I have counted as many as six robins, one after the other, after six p. m. Of course, I do not mean this is an invariable rule, but it seems to be a general one. Chaffinches and greenfinches drink freely; but I never saw one of the former have a bath, and it is a very rare occurrence for the latter to bathe. Tomtit is very fond of the bath, and show great pluck, being almost out of their depth in 1½ inches of water. One more peculiarity I have noticed. Although birds of all sorts bathe regularly, the special time is during a storm of rain after a spell of fine weather. The fact of its being



The New and the Old Tin.

thing, including painting it a dirty color to make it look like the old tin; but all to no purpose. Thinking they would get accustomed to it in time, I left it for three or four weeks; but I never saw it used once. I then put the old triangular one down near the new one, and before I had walked ten yards from it two birds were in it bathing. I put the old tin into the new one, and the birds went to it without hesitation. I cannot imagine what they object to in the round tin, unless the surface area, unbroken by the triangular one, is too big; but with one tin inside the other they thoroughly enjoy their bath, and a study of their habits affords endless amusement. Different birds appear to have different times for the daily

fresh water has nothing to do with it, because, as a rule, the bath is filled up more than once a day, and cleaned out on most days. I have seen as many as four and five birds in the bath at once during rain. I trust these remarks will induce all who see them to think of the wild birds during the coming summer weather, and cause them to provide what is not only a luxury, but a necessity for them; but, if they are thinking of having a bath made, I would suggest one with straight sides, not circular, and let the area be limited. I inclose a photograph of the bath—or, rather, baths, for the triangular one is inside the circular one—on my lawn, and in it will be seen a robin performing its daily ablution.

THAT'S WHY.



I filled my little green waterin' pot, Wif water all the way up to the top. An' I watered the baby to make him grow. That's how they do wif flowers, you know.

He looks like he's awfully fat an' strong. He's tryin' to grow, but it takes so long. An' I wanted him quick, to play wif me. That's why I watered him. Don't you see?

Fooling the Teacher.

Young America begins to joke at a tender age; sometimes he is even willing to bear the consequences of his fun as well, and certain punishment awaited this young man, yet he persevered. His teacher had noticed the boy constantly turned the edge of his coat over before replying to any question, and looked at something which was tucked there. Naturally, her suspicions were aroused as to this very open and above-board use of a "crib."

"What have you in your coat, sir?" she demanded severely. "Give me that card at once."

He reluctantly passed over. The teacher looked at it and read:

"Sold." Turning it hastily over, her eye was greeted with, "Sold again."—N. Y. Weekly.

Bring Their Own Light.

A curious scene is witnessed during the winter months in a parish church of Kent, England. There are no means of lighting this church, so that the worshippers are required to carry their own lights, and it is no uncommon sight to see a member of the congregation standing during the singing of the hymns, with a book in one hand and a candle or lamp in the other hand.

How He Judged.

Mrs. Cobwigger—Don't you think you've had enough ice cream? Freddie—No, ma; I don't feel sich wet.—L. L. L.